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breakfast, was hardly to be classed in that category. It was in reality regarded by all the family at present resident in the town as a wedding breakfast. They had one and all dressed in complete marriage costume, which would have looked a little overdone, but in a modified form which sufficient.

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LADY ATHLYNE

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(Continued.) If the journey up North had been Fairyland, the journey southward was Heaven for both the young people. Athlyne felt all the triumph of a con-Athlyne felt all the triumph of a conqueror. If he had sung out loud, as he would like to have done, his song would have been a war-song rather than a love-song. There was the elan of the conqueror about him; the stress of love-longing and love-pinning were behind him. The battle was won, and his conqueror's booty was beside him, well content to be in his train. Still even conqueror's love has its duties as well as its right, and he was more tender than ever to Joy. She, sitting beside him in all the radiancy of her well as its right, and he was more tender than ever to Joy. She, sitting beside him in all the radiancy of her new found wifehood, felt that their hearts were beating together; and that their thoughts swayed in unison. When her eyes would be lifted from the lean, strong, brown hands gripping the steering wheel—for in the rush of departure he had other things to think of than putting on the gloves which were squeezed behind him in his seat—and would look up into his face she would feel a sort of electric shock as his eyes, leaving for a moment their steering duty, would flash into hers with a look of love which made her quiver. But presently when his yielding to affection had been tested, and even her curiosity had been satisfied, she ceased such sudden looks. She realized his idea of gravity of the situation when she saw, as their eyes returned to their necessary task, the hard look become fixed on his eagle face—the look which to one engaged in his task means safety to those under his care. She was all sympathy with him now. She was content that his will should prevail; that his duty should be the duty of both; that her service was to help him. And the first moment she realized this, she sighed happily and she sank back in her seat, her lover-rapture merged in wife-content. She had compensation for the

her lover-rapture merged in wife-con-tent. She had compensation for the fent. She had compensation for the foregoing in the exercise of her own pride. From her present standpoint all that came within the scope of her senses was supremely beautiful. The mountains grey and mysterious in their higher and future peaks; the dark woods running flame-like up into the glory of the mountain colouring; the scent of the new-mown hay, drifted across the track by the bracing ed across the track by the bracing winds sweeping over the hills; the glimmering sapphire of the water as

winds sweeping over the hills; the glimmering sapphire of the water as they sweet by lake or river, or caught flashes of the distant Forth through long green valleys. They went fast; Athlyne's wild excitement—the echo of the battle-phrenzy that had won him distinction on the field—found some relief in speed. He had thrown open the throttle of his powerful engine and swept along at such a speed that the whole landscape seemed to fly by the rushing car, giving only momentary glimpses of even the most far-flung beauty. He did not fear police traps now. He did not fear anything! Even the car seemed to have yielded itself like a living thing to the spell of the situation. Its wheels purred softly as it swept along, and the speed made a wind which seemed to roar in the ears of the two who were one.

Joy felt that she had a right to be content. This journey was of her own thoosing entirely. The manner of it had been this: when the party had been arranged for starting her father had said to Athlyne.

"When you get to Ambleside, as I suppose you will do before us, will you give orders to have everything ready for our party. You can do this before you drive over to Bowness. You can come over to dinner if you like. I suppose you and Joy will want to see something of each other—all you can indeed, before the wedding comes off.

That can be as soon as you like after you have got the license." To this he had replied:

"I should like to—and shall—do anything I can, sir, to meet your wishes. But I cannot promise to do anything now, on quite my own initiative. You see our dear girl has to be consulted; and I need not fell you that her had had he had used his and I need not fell you that her had had her a third marriage when and where you will." Joy and Athlyne were by this time holding hands and whisperling. "Of course Joy will stay with us the see our dear girl has to be consulted; and I need not fell you that her had had her a the had used his sand I need not fell you that her had had her a the had used his sand I need not fe

now, on quite my own initiative. You see our dear girl has to be consulted;

see our dear girl has to be consulted; and I need not tell you that her wishes must prevail—so far as I am concerned!"

"Quite right, my bey! Quite right!" said the old man. "Then we shall leave the orders to her. Here, Joy!" she came over, and her father put his suggestion to her. She hesitated gravely, and paused before she spoke; she evidently intended that there should be no mistake as to her deliberate intention:

"No! Daddy, that won't do; I'm go-ing with my husband!" She took his arm and clung to him lovingly, her finger tips biting sweetly into his flesh. "But, Daddy dear, we'll come over to-morrow and lunch or breakfast with you, if we may. Call it early lunch or late breakfast. We shall be over about noon. Remember we have to come

from Rowness!" Athlyne seemed to float in air as he heard her. There was something so sweetly—so truly wifely, in her words and attitude that it won to his heart and set him in a state of rapture. The late breakfast at Ambleside next day, though ostensibly a mere family breakfast, was hardly to be classed in

but in a modified form which suffici-ently expressed in the mind of each the prevailing spirit of rejoicing. A few seconds before noon the "toot toot" of Athlyne's powerful hooter was toot" of Athlyne's powerful hooter was heard some distance off. All rushed to the windows to see the great red car swing round the corner. The chauffeur was driving; the bride and groom sat in the tonneau. As Athlyne was not driving he wore an ordinary morning dress—a well-cut suit of light grey which set out well his tall, lithe powerful figure. Joy was wrapped in a huge motor coat of soft gray, with her head shrouded in a vell of the same colour. In the hall they both took off their wraps, Athlyne helping his wife with the utmost tenderness. When they came into the room they made a grey pair, for with the exception of grey pair, for with the exception of Athlyne's brown eyes and hair and a scarlet neck tie, and Joy's dark hair

and a flash of the same scarlet as her husband's on her breast, they were grey—all grey. It would seem as if the whole colour-scheme of the couple had been built around Joy's eyes. She certainly looked lovely; there was a brilliant colour in her cheeks, and between her scarlet lips her teeth, when she smiled, flashed like pearls. She was in a state of buoyancy, seeming rather to float about than to move like a being on feet. She was all sweetness and affection, and flitted from one to

Athlyne too was manifestly happy; but in quieter fashion, as is the way of a man. Ht was not overt or demon-strative in his attention to Joy; but his eyes followed her perpetually, and

another, leaving a wake of beaming happiness behind her.

sion in a semi-humorous, semi-sarcas tic remark:

"No, my dear July J'm not ever

"No, my dear Judy—I'm not ever going to call you anything else you know. She wasn't my wife then!"
"Wasn't she!" came the answer tartly spoken. "She was just as much your wife then. She had been married your wife then. She had been married to you only twice! And the first marriage was good enough for anything. I know that is so, for my sheriff says so!—Oh . . ." The ejaculation was to the shame of sudden recognition of her confession. She blue of furiously; the Sheriff, looking radiative ly happy, stepped over to her, took her hand raised it to his line and kinged hand, raised it to his lips, and kissed

"I think my dear," he said slowly "I think my dear," he said slowly and quietly, "thet constitutes a marriage—if you will have it so?" Sae looked at him shyly and said quietly: "If you like to count it a step on the way—like Joy's first marriage, do so—dear! Then if you like we can make it real when Joy becomes a wife—in the Church!"

Everyone in the room was so inter-

Everyone in the room was so interested in this little episode that two of them only noticed a queer note or dis-sent or expostulation, coming in the shape of a sort of modified grunt from the two matrons of the party. Said Athlyne, still mindful of his intent to

"All right, Judy. I'll remember: 'my sheriff,' if there's any more chaffing. It seems that he'll be 'brittle' before long!" Judy flashed one keen happy glance at him as she whispered close to his ear." in his ear:
"Don't be ungenerous!" For reply he

"Don't be ungenerous!" For reply he whispered back:

"Forgive me—dear. I did not intend to be nasty. I'm too happy for anything of that sort!"

As breakfast wore on and the familiarity of domestic life followed constraint, matters of the future came on the tapis. When Mrs. Ogilvie asked the young couple if they had yet settled when the marriage—the church marriage—was to come off. Joy looked down demurely at the table cloth as her husband answered:

"I go up to town early in the morn-

was the first time she had used his

name.
"Not 'of course.'" he answered. "She

"Not 'of course.'" he answered. "She is the head of her house now and must be free to do as she please. But I am sure she will like to come to you." Joy made a protesting "moue" at him as she said:
"Of course I'd like to be with Mother and Daddy, and Judy—if I—if I am not to be with you—Oh, darling! you're hurting me. You're so frightfully strong!"

Breakfast being over, the party broke up and moved about the room. Joy was sitting on the sofa with her Mother when Mrs. O'Brien came sidling up by the wall. When she got close beside she curtsled and said:
"Won't ye tell me now, me Lady, if I'm to te the wan to nurse yer child-

her?"
"Oh dear! But Mrs. O'Brien, I said only yesterday that I'd tell you that some other time. You are previous!— Didn't you hear that I am to be married on Thursday. Later on . ."
"No time like the prisint, me Lady.
It was yistherday ye shopke; an today's to-day. Mayn't I nurse yer

"Tell her, dear—" her Mother had begun, when Judy joined the group.
"What's all this about? Whose children are you talking of?" began the merry spinster. But her sister cut her short:

short:

"Never you mind, Judy! You just go and sit down and try and get accustomed to silence so as to be ready to keep your Sheriff out of an asylum." Athlyne, too, with ears preternaturally sharp on Joy's account, had heard something of the conversation. tion. Looking over at his wife, he saw her face divinely rosy, and with a troubled, hunted look in her eyes. He too instantly waded into the fray. "I say, let her alone you all! I hope "I say let her alone you all! I hope they're not teasing you darling?" Joy, fearing that something unpleasant might be said, on one side or the other, made haste to reassure him.

Then she closed his mouth in the very best way that a young wife can do the way that a germs to take his do—the way that seems to take his feet from earth and to raise him to

THE END.

REV. I. W. WILLIAMSON'S LETTER Rev. I. W. Williamson, Huntington W. Va., writes: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that it will do all that you claim for it." Foley's Kidney Remedy has restored health and strength to thousands of weak, run down people. Contains no harmful drugs and is pleasant to take. F. B. Brill, local agent.

YALE SENIOR IS

ENGAGED BY WIRELESS

New York, May 14.-The announcement of an engagement by wireless telegraph is the latest social and scienhis eyes followed her perpetually, and his ears seemed to hear every whisper regarding her. Her eyes top, kept turning to him wherever she might be or to whom speaking. Judy at first stood beaming at the pair with a look of proprietary interest; but after a while she began to be a trifle nettled by the husband's absorption in her niece. This feeling culminated when as Joy tripped slightly on the edge of the hearth-rug her husband started towards her with a swift movement and with that quick in take of breath which manifests alarmed concern Judy's impulsiveness found its exprestific achievement. By this means yes-

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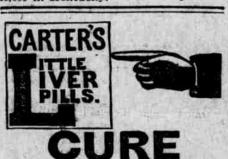
BANKRUPT FURRIERS INDICTED FOR FRAUD

New York, May 14.-Herman Feinberg, senior member of the bankrupt international firm of H. Feinberg & Son, furriers, of 48 East Tenth Street, his daughter, Mrs. Isabelle Minsky, her husband, Abraham Minsky, Samuel Medlin, furrier, of 15 East Eighteenth Street, and Matthias Radin, lawyer, of 320 Broadway, have all been indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for conspiracy to defraud creditors of the Feinbergs of a sum estimated at nearly \$150.000.

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